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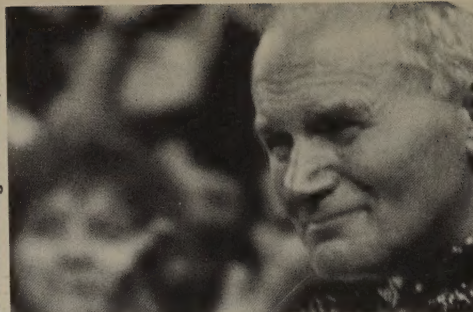


PERFECT IN
FUTURE OF
THE MYSTERIES OF
JUPITER
NO TIME TO LOSE
PLANET
GANDHI:
A MORAL
GENIUS
MOMENT
THE PEACEFUL
OUR
experiences
THE PRESENT

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Juan de Yzaguirre Lopez



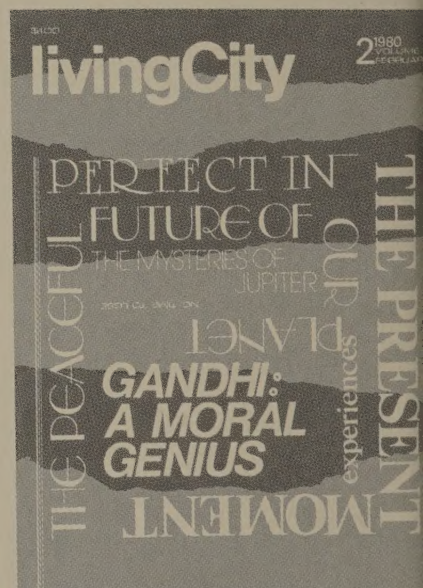
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7 WORD OF LIFE: "Every action be the fruit of the intimate, conscious dialogue between the Christian and God."

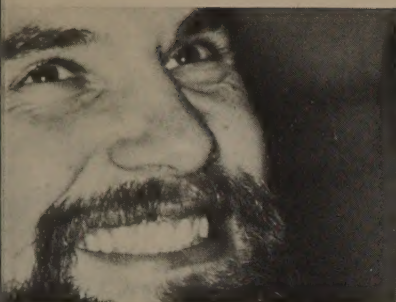
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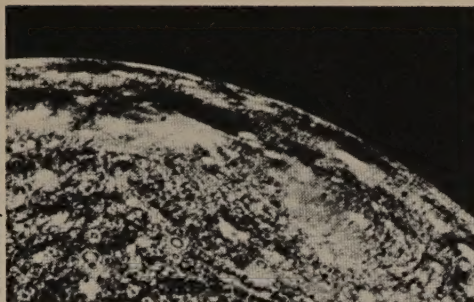
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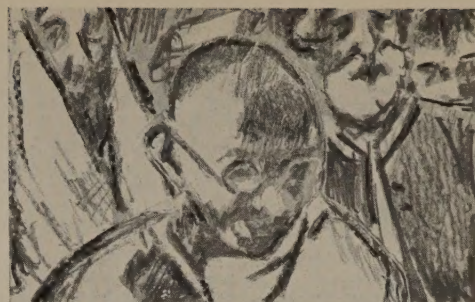


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A program of life

POPE JOHN PAUL II IN THE U.S.

...Availing myself of the solemn occasion of my meeting with the representatives of the nations of the earth, I wish above all to send my greetings to all the men and women living on this planet. To every man and every woman, without any exception whatever. Every human being living on earth is a member of a civil society, of a nation, many of them represented here. Each one of you distinguished ladies and gentlemen, represents a particular State, system and political structure, but what you represent above all are individual human beings; you are all representatives of men and women, of practically all the people of the world, individual men and women, communities and peoples who are living the present phase of their own history and who are also part of the history of humanity as a whole, each of them a subject endowed with dignity as a human person, with his or her own culture, experiences and aspirations, tensions and sufferings, and legitimate expectations. This relationship is what provides the reason for all political activity, whether national or international, for in the final analysis this activity comes from man, is exercised by man and is for man. And if political activity is cut off from this fundamental relationship and finality, if it becomes in a way its own end, it loses much of its reason to exist. Even more, it can also give rise to a specific alienation; it can become extraneous to man; it can come to contradict humanity itself. In reality, what justifies the existence of any political activity is service to man, concerned and responsible attention to the essential problems and duties of his earthly existence in its social dimension and significance, on which also the good of each person depends.

THE CLEAREST TRUTHS

To the United Nations
on October 2, 1979
(Excerpts)

We continue the publication of excerpts from the talks given by Pope John Paul II during his visit to the United States last October. His words are unforgettable, and as we said in the previous issues, a program of life to ponder, cherish and fulfill.

I ask you, ladies and gentleman, to excuse me for speaking of questions that are certainly self-evident for you. But it does not seem pointless to speak of them, since the most frequent pitfall for human activities is the possibility of losing sight, while performing them, of the clearest truths, the most elementary principles.

I would like to express the wish that, in view of its universal character, the United Nations Organization will never cease to be the forum, the high tribune from which all man's problems are appraised in truth and justice. It was in the name of this inspiration, it was through this historic stimulus, that on 26 June, 1945, towards the end of the terrible Second World War, the Charter of the United Nations was signed and on the following 24 October your Organization began its life. Soon after, on 10 December 1948, came its fundamental document, the Universal Declaration of Human Rights, the rights of the human being as a concrete individual and of the human being in his universal value. This document is a milestone on the long and difficult path of the human race. The progress of humanity must be measured not only by the progress of science and technology, which shows man's uniqueness with regard to nature, but also and chiefly by the primacy given to spiritual values and by the progress of moral life. In this field is manifested the full dominion of reason, through truth, in the behaviour of the individual and of society, and also the control of reason over nature; and thus human conscience quietly triumphs, as was expressed in the ancient saying: "Genus humanum arte et ratione vivit."*

* "Mankind lives by art and reason."

It was when technology was being directed in its one-sided progress towards goals of war, hegemony and conquest, so that man might kill man and nation destroy nation by depriving it of its liberty and the right to exist — and I still have before my mind the image of the Second World War in Europe, which began forty years ago on 1 September 1939 with the invasion of Poland and ended on 9 May 1945 — it was precisely then that the United Nations Organization arose. And three years later the document appeared which, as I have said, must be considered a real milestone on the path of the moral progress of humanity — the Universal Declaration of Human Rights. The governments and States of the world have understood that, if they are not to attack and destroy each other, they must unite. The real way, the fundamental way to this is through each human being, through the definition and recognition of and respect for the inalienable rights of individuals and of the communities of peoples.

THE PEACEFUL FUTURE OF OUR PLANET

In this titanic labor of building up the peaceful future of our planet the United Nations Organization has undoubtedly a key function and guiding role, for which it must refer to the just ideals contained in the Universal Declaration of Human Rights. For this Declaration has struck a real blow against the many deep roots of war, since the spirit of war, in its basic primordial meaning, springs up and grows to maturity where the inalienable rights of man are violated.

This is a new and deeply relevant vision of the cause of peace, one that goes deeper and is more radical. It is a vision that sees the genesis, and in a sense the substance, of war in the more complex forms emanating from injustice viewed in all its various



With Secretary General Kurt Waldheim at his side, Pope John Paul II blesses the child of UN staff member, Elsie F. Lejano, shortly after his arrival in the General Assembly Hall to address the staff of the UN Secretariat.

aspects; this injustice first attacks human rights and thereby destroys the organic unity of the social order and it then affects the whole system of international relations. Within the Church's doctrine, the encyclical *Pacem in Terris* by John XXIII provides in synthetic form a view of this matter that is very close to the ideological foundation of the United Nations Organization. This must therefore form the basis to which one must loyally

and perseveringly adhere in order to establish true "peace on earth."

By applying this criterion we must diligently examine which principal tensions in connection with the inalienable rights of man can weaken the construction of this peace which we all desire so ardently and which is the essential goal of the efforts of the United Nations Organization. It is not easy, but it must be done. Anyone who undertakes it must take up a

totally objective position and be guided by sincerity, readiness to acknowledge one's prejudices and mistakes and readiness even to renounce one's own particular interests, including political interests. It is by sacrificing these interests for the sake of peace that we serve them best. After all, in whose "political interest" can it ever be to have another war?

Every analysis must necessarily start from the premise that — although each person lives in a particular concrete social and historical context — every human being is endowed with a dignity that must never be lessened, impaired or destroyed but must instead be respected and safeguarded, if peace is really to be built up.

THE DIMENSION THAT UNITES PEOPLE

Man lives at the same time both in the world of material values and in that of spiritual values. For the individual living and hoping man, his needs, freedoms and relationships with others never concern one sphere of values alone, but belong to both. Material and spiritual realities may be viewed separately in order to understand better that in the concrete human being they are inseparable, and to see that any threat to human rights, whether in the field of material realities or in that of spiritual realities, is equally dangerous for peace, since in every instance it concerns man in his entirety. Permit me, distinguished ladies and gentlemen, to recall a constant rule of the history of humanity, a rule that is implicitly contained in all that I have already stated with regard to integral development of human rights. The rule is based on the relationship between spiritual values and material or economic values. In this relationship, it is the spiritual values



As a universal community embracing faithful belonging to almost all countries and continents, nations, peoples, races, languages and cultures, the Church is deeply interested in the existence and activity of the Organization whose very name tells us that it unites and associates nations and States.

It unites and associates; it does not divide and oppose. It seeks out the ways for understanding and peaceful collaboration, and endeavors with the means at its disposal and the methods in its power to exclude war, division and mutual destruction within the great family of humanity today.

that are pre-eminent, both on account of the nature of these values and also for reasons concerning the good of man. The pre-eminence of the values of the spirit defines the proper sense of earthly material goods and the way to use them. This pre-eminence is therefore at the basis of a just peace. It is also a contributing factor to ensuring that material development, technical development and the development of civilization are at the service of what constitutes man. This means enabling man to have full access to truth, to moral development, and to the complete possibility of enjoying the goods of culture which he has inherited, and of increasing them by his own creativity. It is easy to see that material goods do not have unlimited capacity for satisfying the needs of man: they are not in themselves easily distributed and, in the relationship between those who possess and enjoy them and those who are without them, they give rise to tension, dissension and division that will often even turn into open conflict. Spiritual goods, on the other hand, are open to unlimited enjoyment by many at the same time, without diminution of the goods themselves. Indeed, the more people share in such goods, the more they are enjoyed and drawn upon, the more then do those goods show their indestructible and immortal worth. This truth is confirmed, for example, by the works of creativity — I mean by the works of thought, poetry, music, and the figurative arts, fruits of man's spirit.

A critical analysis of our modern civilization shows that in the last hundred years it has contributed as never before to the development of material goods, but that it has also given rise, both in theory and still more in practice, to a series of attitudes in which sensitivity to the spiritual dimension of human existence is diminished to a greater or less extent, as a result of certain premises which reduce the meaning of human life chiefly to the many different material and economic factors — I mean to the demands of production, the market, consumption,

the accumulation of riches or of the growing bureaucracy with which an attempt is made to regulate these very processes. Is this not the result of having subordinated man to one single conception and sphere of values?

What is the link between these reflections and the cause of peace and war? Since, as I have already stated, material goods by their very nature provoke conditionings and divisions, the struggle to obtain these goods becomes inevitable in the history of humanity. If we cultivate this onesided subordi-

nation of man to material goods alone, we shall be incapable of overcoming this state of need. We shall be able to attenuate it and avoid it in particular cases, but we shall not succeed in eliminating it systematically and radically, unless we emphasize more and pay greater honor, before everyone's eyes, in the sight of every society, to the second dimension of the goods of man: the dimension that does not divide people but puts them into communication with each other, associates them and unites them. □

TRUTH WILL NOT PASS OR CHANGE



United Nations

The following is the text of the Pope's message to journalists at the United Nations, Oct. 2, 1979

My dear friends, of the communications media,

It would hardly be possible for me to depart from the United Nations without saying "thank you" from my heart to those who have reported, not only this day's events, but all

the activities of this worthy Organization. In this international assembly, you can truly be instruments of peace by being messengers of truth.

You are indeed servants of truth; you are its tireless transmitters, diffusers, defenders. You are dedicated communicators, promoting unity among all nations by sharing truth among all peoples.

If your reporting does not always command the attention you would desire, or if it does not always conclude with the success that you would wish, do not grow discouraged. Be faithful to the truth and to its transmission, for truth endures; truth will not go away. Truth will not pass or change.

And I say to you — take it as my parting word to you — that the service of truth, the service of humanity through the medium of the truth — is something worthy of your best years, your finest talents, your most dedicated efforts. As transmitters of truth, you are instruments of understanding among people and of peace among nations.

May God bless your labors for truth with the fruit of peace. This is my prayer for you, for your families and for those whom you serve as messengers of truth, and as instruments of peace.

PERFECT IN THE PRESENT MOMENT

Question: When I look at my life and at the lives of people I know, or when I think about our society as it is today, I feel that Christian life has lost its impact; and it no longer has that spirit we find in reading the lives of the early Christians.

There is considerable truth in this impression of yours. The reason is that we, and many others — with or without a label — are “immature” as Christians, while a Christian should be a mature person filled with God! To achieve this, two things are necessary: the grace of God and our cooperation.

Grace is given us in order to permeate soul, body, activities, faculties, mind and everything with the divine. If we do not fully cooperate, we are not complete Christians. We remain like unripened fruit. The disciples of Jesus instead must live their Christian life in depth until they mature to the point of being ready to devote themselves to humanity and fully accomplish what God expects of them. If all of us are so immature as Christians, however, it is logical that society be what it is.

At this point somebody could say: but if none of us is a true Christian we might as well give up! No! Because we have the possibility of being fully Christian; of being perfect Christians in the present moment. If we do God’s will in the present moment we are, in fact, perfect Christians.

We must remember that Jesus’ words, “You must be perfect as your heavenly Father is perfect” are Gospel just like other words, as for instance, “Love your neighbor as yourself” are. If we are able to live the words, “Love your neighbor” why shouldn’t we also be able to live “You must be perfect as your heavenly Father is perfect”?

Question: My colleagues at work often use obscene language or talk about things that are of no interest to me. How can I have a more meaningful relationship with them?

You should always be yourself, that is, another Jesus, because you are a Christian. Jesus hates sin but loves the sinner. If people speak about topics which are indifferent to you, try to interest yourself in what they like. You know that we must love everybody and begin by making ourselves one with each person in everything but sin.

Some things maybe boring for you to talk about but it might be the little cross that God asks you to carry in order to follow him.

If one of your colleagues notices your interest he will get to like you more, will feel understood and perhaps confide other things to you. You will then have a chance to help him. Not only, but at a certain moment he will want to know about your interests and you will have the joy of gradually communicating your ideals to him, perhaps to the point of drawing him to share in them.

If instead, as you indicate, a colleague uses obscene language, pretend not to hear him. Perhaps the conversation will die out on its own.

But if he asks the reason for your behavior, with love tell him that it is not proper to speak that way and be ready to be insulted in return, for the hatred of the world might be unleashed against you. For a Christian it would be an honor to be treated in this way. Jesus in fact said, “If they persecuted me, they will persecute you too.”

It may happen instead that your colleague appreciates what you say. In that case you will have won over a friend. □

WORD OF LIFE

**"Be careful not to do your
'acts of righteousness'
before men,
to be seen by them.
If you do,
you will have no reward
from your Father in heaven"**

(Matthew 6:1)

"Be careful not to do your 'acts of righteousness' before men, to be seen by them. If you do, you will have no reward from your Father in heaven" (Matthew 6:1).

Here is a new "Word" of God for you.

It speaks of "acts of righteousness." But do you know what "righteousness" means in this context? The term "righteousness" has a wide range of meanings, but here it denotes all that is right before God, namely all the good actions that are involved in living a Christian life. It means putting God's commandments into practice, making our love for him concrete by performing specific actions. Therefore, what Jesus is clearly telling us with these words, is that we cannot live our Christianity for the sake of looking good in other people's eyes.

But at the time of Jesus, the term "acts of righteousness" referred particularly to the performance of religious duties, namely prayer, almsgiving, and fasting.

Jesus declares that these manifestations of worship or charity must be done for God and not in order to attract praise.

"Be careful not to do your 'acts of righteousness' before men, to be seen by them. If you do, you will have no reward from your Father in heaven."

Between God and the believer there is an intimate bond of love. God the Father has a deep love for us, and our lives as Christians must be lived in his presence. If you, a Christian, behave religiously only to impress others, you negate the very intention that should prompt your actions and you break your relationship with the Father.

"Be careful not to do your 'acts of righteousness' before men, to be seen by them. If you do, you will have no reward from your Father in heaven."

The truth is that if you are seeking to be admired, if you act properly in order to please others, your religious acts are worthless, because you are more interested in yourself and your image than in God. And in that case, God will abandon you to your own devices and will not give you the reward he would have liked to grant you. For God wants each human being to give himself or herself totally to him.

"Be careful not to do your 'acts of righteousness' before men, to be seen by them. If you do, you will have no reward from your Father in heaven."

With these words Jesus emphasizes the importance of the intention that must underlie our every action.

The right intention is the desire to please God, not people. An action is worthwhile only if it is done before God and for God, under the loving gaze of the Father, who — as Jesus tells us shortly afterward — sees what we do "in secret." Every action must be the fruit of the intimate, constant dialogue between the Christian and his God.

"Be careful not to do your 'acts of righteousness' before men, to be seen by them. If you do, you will have no reward from your Father in heaven."

This does not mean that Jesus wants us to react negatively towards religious acts performed in public. Jesus did not come to bring a religion devoid of outward

expressions or limited to individual piety. It is inevitable that some of our acts of charity and worship will be seen by other people as well. Indeed, it is necessary. Think of Sunday Mass, think of the Christian witness we must give in our working environment, of the service we must give our fellow human beings. In fact, Jesus said that Christians must be the "light of the world" and the "salt of the earth," adding, however, "so that they may see goodness in your acts and give praise to your heavenly Father." It must all be done for God, and not in order to be admired by others.

"Be careful not to do your 'acts of righteousness' before men, to be seen by them. If you do, you will have no reward from your Father in heaven."

At this point you might be thinking: "Who, in our day, would be admired for praying in church or performing the works of mercy? Such behavior, on the contrary, is often ridiculed. Besides, it is most unlikely that a Christian today would even think of acting this way in order to be admired by others."

Nowadays that is true. However, the words of Jesus were spoken in the Jewish environment of his time. In those days, according to Lagrange, a well-known theologian and Bible scholar, "reputations for saintliness were acquired in the synagogue." In other words, people were observed and criticized for their saintliness, or lack of it.

That is not so today. Yet, the danger of showing off, or seeking other people's esteem, of aiming at the approval of those in some way superior to us rather than that of God, is still with us.

Have you observed, for example, how in our family or community life, or in our work surroundings, we often neglect to do certain small acts of service or insignificant and unglamorous tasks just because they would remain obscure and unnoticed?

The words of Jesus are still timely. They tell us to do everything out of love for God. They invite us to live in an authentic, intimate, personal relationship with him.

Chiara Lubich

EXPERIENCES

Each month
a "word of life"
appears in Living City.
The following
are experiences that some
of our readers shared
with us in living
the word of life.

This past week I had to take a day off from work to wait for a delivery of furniture. While waiting, I thought it would be a good opportunity to clean the kitchen from top to bottom. As I was doing this, the telephone rang. It was the warehouse from where the furniture was supposed to come. The lady said the furniture would be delivered next Wednesday. I told her I was expecting the delivery that day, as the salesman in their store had promised. She said it was not on the truck, and delivery that day would be impossible. I then called the store to speak with the salesman and I was told that he would not be in for two days. So I explained the situation to another salesman. He was sure that if the warehouse said it was not on the truck, then it was not on the truck. I asked him if it could possibly be a mistake on their part, and he said that it definitely wasn't. At this point, I was beginning to lose my patience. I had just started a new job that week and now I would have to ask for another day off. "By patient endurance you will save your lives," came to my mind. I thought that getting angry was not the will of God. What I should do was to live the present moment and continue my job in the kitchen. A certain reassurance substituted the temptation to be impatient. "Who knows?" I thought, against all hope, "the furniture could still come."

A while later, a truck passed my house from the furniture store. I went outside to call the driver back. I asked if he was looking for me. He was, but he had the wrong house number. My furniture was on the truck.

M.Z.

A week before school started in September, the mother of one of my daughter's classmates paid me a visit. She explained that she was a single parent and had to work for a living. The lady that used to look after her daughter after school could no longer do it and so she wondered if I possibly could. The word of life for August immediately came to mind, "In the same way your light must shine before people, so that they will see the good things you do and give praise to your Father in heaven." I also thought, "Now if this were Mary and she asked me to look after Jesus, how could I possibly refuse?"

However, her daughter is not liked at school and the majority of the children won't play with her, so I felt it was only fair and loving to my own daughter to talk it over with her before giving a definite reply. I also felt this would be a good way for this girl to become accepted by the other children if my daughter accepted her as a friend, but it might also work the other way around and my daughter could wind up being rejected. That evening my daughter and I went for a drive and I asked her how she would feel about my babysitting for this girl. She was quite excited about it and said, "We must see Jesus in her even though the other kids don't like her." She ended the conversation by saying that she knew what would happen — "My friends won't like me anymore and won't play with me, but that's okay." With that I knew it was God's will for me to look after this girl and I felt He would give me the graces necessary to do the job well.

J.D.

One night I got home early from work. It was the first night in a long time that I was free from all my commitments. I was looking forward to the opportunity of taking out my winter clothes and putting the summer ones away. At that time my roommate and I had a couple and their child staying overnight with us. The parents had to go some place and asked my roommate to watch their daughter. The child began to cry while my roommate had to answer a phone call. In the meantime, I was busy doing what I had planned for the evening. The door to my room was open and the child looked in and saw me. Still in tears she came in and started asking questions: "Where are my parents? Are they coming home soon? . . ." I said to myself, "Oh my, how will I ever finish? My only evening free . . ." But the word of life, "Anyone who does not welcome the kingdom of God like a little child will not enter it," came to my mind. Immediately I stopped what I was doing, putting aside my plan, giving my full attention to the child. Having felt my love, she stopped crying and after a while decided to go to bed. Although I did not finish what I had to do, I had peace and joy in my soul for having loved.

L.B.

Our son flew home from Florida and after a week of vacation was planning to drive back with his car. Not wanting him to travel all that distance alone (about twenty eight hours of driving), I decided to go along with him and then fly back. As plans developed, my sister decided to come along, and all my thoughts and dreams were now of the fun my sister and I would have. Our plans were to go sightseeing and leisurely enjoy just being with one another. Oh, how I was looking forward to it.

A week before we were to leave my sister called and said she could not go anymore because her husband was in the hospital. The word of life for July came to my mind, "It is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven." I realized my riches were our trip. It was turning

out to be a pleasure trip and the thought of our son driving alone had become secondary. At first it was a great disappointment, but after realizing that the trip had become my riches, it was easier to accept the change of plan.

When our son left, I remained at home since a neighbor happened to be going to Georgia and was able to go with him. Our plans are not always God's plans. My original concern was not to let my son drive alone and God had taken care of it.

*

I was recently sitting in the doctor's waiting room when a lady I knew came in. In the past this lady and her husband had hurt feelings over a certain situation with my son. Therefore whenever we met it was a tense situation with everyone feeling ill at ease. Only if I would smile and say hi would it be returned. Now we were face to face with each other and the situation called for more than a passing hi and smile.

I eased my conscience with the fact that I was reading a magazine and was earnestly hoping the nurse would hurry and call my turn. I was not at peace because I kept thinking this is not God's will, I should really love if I want to remain in Him.¹

I struggled with this for a while, not knowing what to say. By now she was reading a magazine and I told myself I couldn't interrupt her, and yet I knew the nurse would be calling soon, so if I wanted peace I would have to begin.

I did and we had a beautiful conversation. She told me of a trip they were planning and also of a problem that had just presented itself. With that a few tears began. Soon after the nurse called me, and I left the room thinking how we were all the same. We all have hurts, and ups and downs. I never thought about her feelings before and I was filled with compassion for her. It made me realize once again that I must reach out to everyone regardless of how distant they seem. Two days later I saw her again and instead of the usual feeling, I had one of happiness and peace.

B.B.

¹) "I am the vine and you are the branches; whoever remains in me with me in him bears fruit in plenty" (John 15:5).

A NEW APPROACH

Years ago at work, if someone would come in my office to make a call, for example, I would not even let them get past the receptionist's desk. Then when I started living the word of life, I discovered the advantages of approaching people also in business, loving them as the Gospel suggests.

A few months ago I received a phone call from a manufacturer's agent who represents several Eastern furniture lines who are, in many areas, in direct competition with our company. He asked if he could see me to discuss a possible joint venture. I invited him to come. That alone was a big step for me; I never would have done such a thing before. Our meeting went well; I had decided to be open and honest with him and even more to love him to the end¹ as the word of life said.

Our first venture was to manufacture approximately one thousand chairs together and next we worked on a furniture system job. Then, more recently, we began to discuss an offer for the new upcoming Court House.

By this time we had established a very unique and enjoyable relationship. We concentrated on areas where we could work together although we could have gone our own way as competitors. I had decided that we would also quote on other items but not on any items where he could offer one of his lines. I did not want to jeopardize our friendship.

We went to the bid opening together. On our way I told him what my company was bidding on. He then told me of the areas on which he had submitted quotations and I saw that he had done the same as I. This was certainly the

hundredfold promised by the Gospel.

After the opening, there was one area where a client had decided to change the requirement for a special chair. We had not quoted on this originally. Unknown to either of us, we were each asked to develop a new model. About two weeks before the sample was to be viewed I told him what we were doing only to see a very surprised look come upon his face. He then told me the same request had been made of him. Now, despite our efforts, we were in direct competition. We were both unhappy about what had taken place but we both wanted to get the order. So, for the next two weeks our relationship was endangered.

However, to live the word of life was more important to me than my success. I was the first to hear of the choice and it was in his favor. When I phoned to give him the news I was actually glad for him. By the end of the phone call he told me that he hoped that this sale would not influence our relationship in any way.

A few days later, we had lunch together. We discussed at length what we had gone through and came to the conclusion that our association in its uniqueness will from time to time have to face competition, but that we were both willing to continue to be open with one another. This is what I meant at the beginning by saying that there are many advantages in approaching people with the intention of living the Gospel.

Brian Cook

¹) "He had loved his own in this world, and would show his love for them to the end" (John 13:1).



NO TIME TO LOSE

by JOSEPH SIEVERS

I have given my life to God and a few years have passed since I said my yes. Each day brings a new dialogue with him, even though its essence is the same. "Yes, I want to love you, and because I love you, I want to love the people around me." Every day I start anew as if it were the first day, and, as on the first day, the love of God never ceases to amaze me. In fact today, in looking back, I can see that his love has always been with me.

As far back as I can remember, I always felt deep down that God was calling me. I thought this meant I should become a priest. Exactly what he wanted was unclear but the call was very real; and although I was reluctant to discuss it with anyone, I knew that that call one day would prevail over all the other dreams of my youth.

Now, more than ever, I am grateful to my parents for what they gave me. Looking back I can see what an important role they played in my childhood by cooperating with God's plan for me.

In my home, religion was not just a tradition to be observed, but a matter of deep conviction. Each of my parents went through a long journey to reach that point. My father sought God for a long time. Then, during World War II, he decided to become a Catholic. He did not tell my mother until after he had taken the step, and she became so upset that she did not speak to him for three days.

My mother had been baptized Catholic, but she had grown up without religion, without even being aware that she had ever been baptized!

Then, two years after my father became Catholic, but before I was born, my four year old brother fell from a second floor balcony and fractured his skull. When my mother saw him on the operating table, for the first time in her life she felt the need to pray. It seemed the only possible answer. When my brother came home and was well again, my mother started taking catechism instructions, and a few weeks later she was received again into the Catholic Church.

In our family there was a religious atmosphere which was not at all one of fanaticism, but rather one of deep commitment. I remember that when I received my first Communion it was a very profound experience. Going to daily Mass with my parents and receiving the Eucharist had real meaning for me as I was growing up.

We children were quite close to one another, despite the age span. Of course we had the typical arguments of youngsters our age, and I, for instance, frequently fought with my next older brother.

This was the situation at the time when I first heard of the Focolare Movement. One of my brothers, who was then in boarding school called to say that some members of the Focolare would be coming to talk about this new Movement. So my father invited three of us to go with him on the appointed day. When we arrived, however, we found that the meeting had taken place the previous day.

When he heard what had happened, the principal of the school, along with some of the students, offered to share with us what the life of the Focolare meant to them. I was struck by the relationship between this principal and his students. I was only ten or eleven at the time, so I didn't ask many questions; but I knew there was something special about it.

Then, for some time I heard little about the Focolare, until the day my father decided to visit their Center in Cologne, which was about seventy miles from the town where we lived in West Germany. It was one of the first Focolare Centers outside of Italy. He came back deeply impressed. My father spent a few days there, and since Easter vacation was just starting, he asked me if I wanted to go too. I had always liked traveling. At the age of eight I had taken my first train ride alone; a trip of two hundred miles. But this time, the trip held an even greater attraction. I was truly interested in the life of those people we were going to meet. So I went, along with two of my older brothers.

When we arrived, we were welcomed by a young man who spent about ten minutes telling us about

his life. Then we had lunch together with the others, after which we began to help them with their work. They were working for a Catholic relief organization.

We worked very hard. For example, there was a mountain of shoes, all separated, and we had to search all over the mountain, in order to put the shoes into pairs. We took van loads of packages of clothing to the post office and did other such errands. We had a lot of fun while we were doing all of this.

In the evening I was tired, but I also felt very happy. It was a happiness that I did not even try to explain to myself. The part I loved most was when I could be close to the Focolarini, even if we were working without saying much to each other. There was something about them that I could not put my finger on.

They were all Italian at that time, since the Movement was very new in Germany. Still, there was no language barrier, although their German was not too good. There was no age barrier either, although they were adults, and I was a kid. There were no barriers of any kind.

My immediate reaction was that I wanted to be like them. And I understood somehow, without their telling me, that I had to live like this all the time, even at home. This meant among other things that there had to be some change in my relationship with my next older brother, and with my parents and my friends. There was no time to lose. I really did try, and I did manage to avoid fights, and I did help at home. But my enthusiasm lasted for about three days. Then it started getting hard again, and I pretty much fell back into the old routine. And yet, what I had heard and seen never completely left me.

I thought, "Maybe this time I didn't understand enough. Maybe I have to go back to the Focolare Center and try to really understand it, then I'll be able to live like the young men I met there." I had the impression that they were really perfect. I said to myself, "When I will be their age I should be perfect like them!"

I went back many times. There were few meetings, because the Focolare was just starting but I really enjoyed visiting them and, later on, their visits to my family.

In the meantime, I ran into difficult years at school. I had always been a good student, until one year I had some teachers who were not very challenging. I did not feel obliged to work much, and I could get by with very little effort. That worked for a year or so, but then my grades started to drop dramatically.

Something else happened at about the same time. One day, I had an opportunity to give an issue of *Neue Stadt*, the German edition of the Focolare Magazine, to one of my teachers. There was an article in it which was related to a topic we had discussed in class. And when I gave it to him, I told him that I believed in the ideas expressed in the magazine.

Then I realized that I really had to start living what I professed. I had declared myself, and I did not want to be a hypocrite. Therefore my relationship with this teacher had to change. Somehow, that incident gave me such an incentive that things began to change. As a consequence I started doing my homework better and paying more attention to the teacher, rather than just being in school to have a good time.

I also would have liked to have people at school become interested in what I was interested. Somehow I did not seem to have much success. When I told my best friend about my visits to the Focolare, he just shrugged it off. I was not able to make it attractive enough for him. I could not express my experience very well, even though it had been extraordinary for me, others did not find anything too unusual about it.

Yet, something must have been visible at school. When I was fourteen, I was asked to become the counsellor for a group of boys of a Catholic student organization. They were ten year olds. I started out with a group of four, but little by little they invited their friends, and the group grew to fourteen from among a class of about forty.

With this group, I started to read the Bible. I even bought a Bible myself! I think it was the first book I ever bought. We started reading the Acts of the Apostles, because I thought that the life of the early Christians was something they could understand, and because that was what I wanted to live with them. I don't know how much of it penetrated, but something did. I saw that they were trying to live it, and at times they helped me by reminding me of my own words.

Those were very busy years. I became more and more involved with the Catholic student organization to the point of becoming the president when I was sixteen. I did not have much time, as I zipped around the school between classes, giving messages, meeting with other people, and so forth. But the love I tried to have for my classmates must have left some impression, because a few years later I met one of them, and he told me, "You know, I never understood you. I sometimes even laughed at you. But now I know there was something real." He then went on to tell me about his most intimate problems, things he had not told anyone else.

As I said before, the Focolare Movement was very new in Germany and there were no German Focolarini yet. Some of the Focolarini I met had, in fact, just arrived from Italy, and some knew very little or no German. So I said to myself, "German is a difficult language, maybe Italian is easier. Perhaps I can learn Italian more easily than they can learn German."

The only Italian classes, however, were in the evening, for adults, and I was only thirteen. So for the first time I put on a tie, in the hope that the teacher would accept me in the class. When I entered the classroom, he asked, "Is this the first time you wear a tie?" I admitted that it was, but he accepted me anyway.

After a couple of years I had learned some Italian and I thought of a way to put it to use. By now "that all may be one," the goal of my friends in the Focolare had be-

come mine, too, and I thought that no one of the 130,000 inhabitants of my town should be excluded. One day, I read a newspaper article about Italian immigrants in Germany, many of whom had had to leave their families behind. I got in touch with the priest who worked with them and offered my help. I started to visit them. Some of them lived in boarding houses, others in construction camps, others in various places scattered all over town. They were, in all, about two hundred. I tried to visit them one by one. I knew that I wanted to love them, but I wasn't quite sure how to go about it. One thing I had understood was that I had to make myself one with them, that is, to try to tune in to what they were thinking about, what they were interested in. Sometimes I sat with them in ice cream parlors and listened to their stories, or just talked with them about their home towns.

Sometimes I was able to assist them with filling out forms or finding an apartment. Once a month I invited them to a mass said for them in Italian, or to some social event. Other times it was they who invited me to share their meals.

These visits took me to all sections of the town, and sometimes into situations unfamiliar to me. It was not always pleasant but my desire to recognize Christ in each of those men and women was stronger than the difficulties I encountered.

Beginning in 1963, the highlight of my summer each year became the Mariapolis, where people from Austria, Germany, and Switzerland came together for a week to live the spirit of the Focolare Movement. The 1965 Mariapolis was special. The theater where the meetings were supposed to be held had burned down, and the village had been severely hit by a flood. So there was a lot of work to be done! Some of us offered to help the people of the village to clean up as our way of starting the Mariapolis. So I went there two weeks ahead of time with my high boots. We dug out basements, cleaned up streets, put new gravel on unpaved roads, etc.

We tried to work in unity, above all else aiming at loving one another to the point of being ready to give our lives for one another. And that bore fruit in our work as well. Most of us had never repaired streets before, so it meant putting our heads together on how to do it, how to spread the gravel evenly, how to get the wet mud out of the basement. It meant, instead of arguing about it, really trying together to find the best solutions.

I do not remember much else from that Mariapolis, but that experience of unity was so strong that every evening when I came back from work, often covered with mud, I was tired but happy. I do not know if my happiness showed through the mud, but it was very great inside me.

After that, the call I had felt since my childhood became stronger and clearer; God was calling me to the Focolare. So it was now a matter of getting permission from my parents. My mother said yes almost immediately. My father said no. So I called the Focolare to tell them the news. They told me that I should stay at home and live the same life right there, just as if I were in the Focolare. So I agreed to do that. A few days later, my father came to me and said, "Listen, you've talked to me about your plans. If you really think that is what God wants from you, then I don't want to be an obstacle. Go, even though I don't understand, even though I don't fully agree. You have my blessing." Once more the love of God was showing itself through my parents, helping me to be faithful to his plan for my life. Two months later I entered the Focolare.

Now I have passed the age of the Focolarini I met in Cologne. However, I am far from perfect, and I have learned that the perfection I had dreamed of, that is never to make mistakes, is unattainable. Now I know that what counts is to give myself to God and to others, moment by moment, however imperfect I am.

"Lord, you know everything, you also know that I love you" (John 21:17). □

«I am far from perfect,
and I have learned
that the perfection
I had dreamed of,
that is to never make mistakes,
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SCIENCE
by PIERO PASOLINI

JUPITER THE BIGGEST PLANET

The American space probe, Voyager, circled Jupiter, then proceeded toward Saturn. What can we learn about Jupiter and its satellites from the surprising photographs?

If Jupiter had been double its size, we would have practically been without night. This is one of the surprising conclusions reached some time ago and confirmed by the photos of the planet Jupiter taken by the American space probe, Voyager, on its way to Saturn, which will be reached in about two years.

Jupiter is the second largest concentration of matter in the solar system. Although the sun greatly exceeds Jupiter in size with a diameter ten times larger (1,400,000 kilometers as compared to Jupiter's 140,000 kilometers), Jupiter is enormous when compared to an "average" planet such as the Earth. Jupiter's mass is 318 times that of Earth.

Before interplanetary space probes passed close to it, Jupiter was known only through telescopes. It has the appearance of a slightly oval, very brilliant disk with colored stripes parallel to its equator. Jupiter's oval shape is easily understood: this huge globe makes a complete rotation in only 9 hours and 55 minutes. Everything at its equator spins at over 40,000 kilometers an hour. If the huge centrifugal force weren't balanced by the tremendous gravitational forces, it would be demolished.

Jupiter's average density is very low, about 1.3 times that of water. This means that the material which makes up the planet is very light. Essentially it is a sphere of condensed gas and liquid. If its composition were similar to Earth's, its density would be much higher. It could be significant that its density is even less than that of very cold (about -140°C) gases on the surface. About the interior of the planet we know nothing.

Scientists suspect that the most abundant element on Jupiter is hydrogen, probably found in combination with other elements to form water, methane, ammonia, etc. Hydrogen might also exist in liquid state at very cold temperatures in some regions of the planet. Even in liquid state, hydrogen is so light that its density is only one-tenth that of water.

In the upper "atmosphere" of Jupiter, hydrogen could be found in a cold gaseous state with minute particles of solid ammonia, methane and other organic compounds in suspension. These form the colored striped clouds which are observed on Jupiter. They are almost like a spray with particles in suspension. The little we know of Jupiter is what we are able to observe of its cloudy external surface.

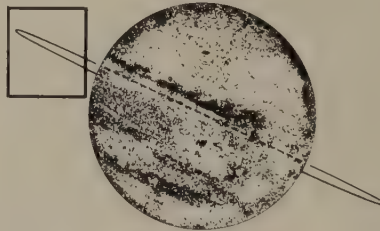
There are two factors which the Sun and Jupiter have in common. The first is differential rotation; that is, the cloudy bands located near the equator have a much faster rate of rotation than those situated towards the poles. This makes scientists think that there are continuous currents deep within the planet as well as on its surface which cause the gases which emerge at the surface of the equator to have a faster velocity (measured tangentially) than those which emerge at the poles. Something similar to this occurs with our Trade Winds, although the mechanism is very different. This explanation also is used in describing the regular bands of clouds that are observed encircling the planet, parallel to the equator.

In the Sun, this differential velocity exists between the external layers near the equator and those near the poles, perhaps for the same reasons. This flow of gases would be possible only if there is a very thick layer of gases comprising the outer shells, perhaps with only a small or even nonexistent solid core at the center.

The second resemblance to the Sun is in the production of energy: if Jupiter did not produce energy at its center, its surface would be much colder than it is. It has been calculated that were the surface temperature of Jupiter due only to the heat from the Sun, it would be at least 20°C colder. This indicates there must be a lot of energy emerging from the interior to heat this enormous planet with its large radiant area in its cold region of space.

Jupiter resembles the sun also in its extensive emission of radiation in the form of electrified particles or radio waves. The earlier space probes, and especially the latest Voyager flight, indicate there is a very strong field of deadly radiation around Ju-

piter which no shield worn by man can block. The radiation comes not only from solar particles captured by Jupiter's intense magnetic field which become rarified as they approach the field. They are also the result of nuclear reactions which are occurring somewhere within the planet.



Courtesy of NASA

Artist's rendition of Jupiter's ring. The part in the square represents the striking picture on page 13, photographed by Voyager 2 on July 10, 1979, at a distance of 1.5 million kilometers (930,000 miles).

What is happening under the streaked and speckled blanket of Jupiter's cloud? We can only speculate. One thing is certain — beneath the surface things aren't all peaceful or even all of the same nature. The different colors of the transversal bands show us that there is a different originating source and that each source is of a little different nature than the adjacent one. If one source emits "red stuff," the adjacent one emits "yellow and green stuff." These sources do not change place since we observe the color of the stripes always along the same line.

Suppose that there are nuclear reactions at the heart of Jupiter which are emitting energy, we would expect there to be great movements of gases due to the thermal imbalances. We do observe great turbulence in the zones which separate one band of clouds from the other.

There are areas where turbulence is clearly visible. In the southern half of the planet, there is a periodic convulsive destruction of the cloudy bands. These spastic contortions alternate with periods of calm.

The second phenomenon is the Great Red Spot which was discovered by astronomers in the eighteenth century. It is also located in the southern zone: but it remains fixed in a certain spot. This red elliptic formation, many times larger than

the earth, is sandwiched between a yellow and a brown stripe which seem to flow around it. At times, the cloudy disturbance of the southern turbulences cover it with smoky gases which hide it from view for a time. Then the smoke thins out and the blotch reappears intact in the same spot.

The detailed pictures sent to us by Voyager of the Great Red Spot are very interesting. For the first time, we can clearly see the whirling form of the blotch. It appears like an enormous red cyclone, crushed between two cloudy bands which flow down its sides. It is always on the same location on the planet. Who knows what kind of energetic reactions occur within it?

Another aspect Jupiter shares with the sun is its swarm of satellites. About a dozen moons rotate around Jupiter like a small solar system. Galileo, using a telescope, was the discoverer of the first four satellites, the biggest ones. Anyone today with a good pair of binoculars can enjoy a good view of Jupiter and its four largest moons, which form a line of four bright dots on the line of Jupiter's equator. Every evening, they are seen in a different order since their period of rotation around Jupiter is very short. Galileo supported the idea of the solar system and saw in Jupiter and its four satellites visible to him, a small sample of such a system.

Voyager was able to pass close by these satellites and take pictures of them. They seem to be composed of entirely different materials than those we can observe on Jupiter. In some ways, they resemble our moon, having more or less the same dimensions.

The mysteries of Jupiter are hidden beneath its striped clouds. There must be high energy reactions below which set them in motion.

What would have happened if Jupiter had captured twice its present mass in the creation of the solar system? Astrophysicists are convinced conditions would have been ripe (temperature, pressure, etc.) for hydrogen nuclear reactions to occur on a sus-

Jupiter and its four planet-size moons, called the Galilean satellites, were photographed in early March 1979 by Voyager 1 and assembled into this composite picture. The satellites are not to scale but are in their relative positions. Io (upper left), is nearest Jupiter; next are Europa (center), Ganymede, and Callisto (lower right).



tained basis. Jupiter would have been a star instead of a planet. In our own galaxies, the double stars and triple star systems are in the majority. Our own solar system could have had its own double star: the Sun — Jupiter pair.

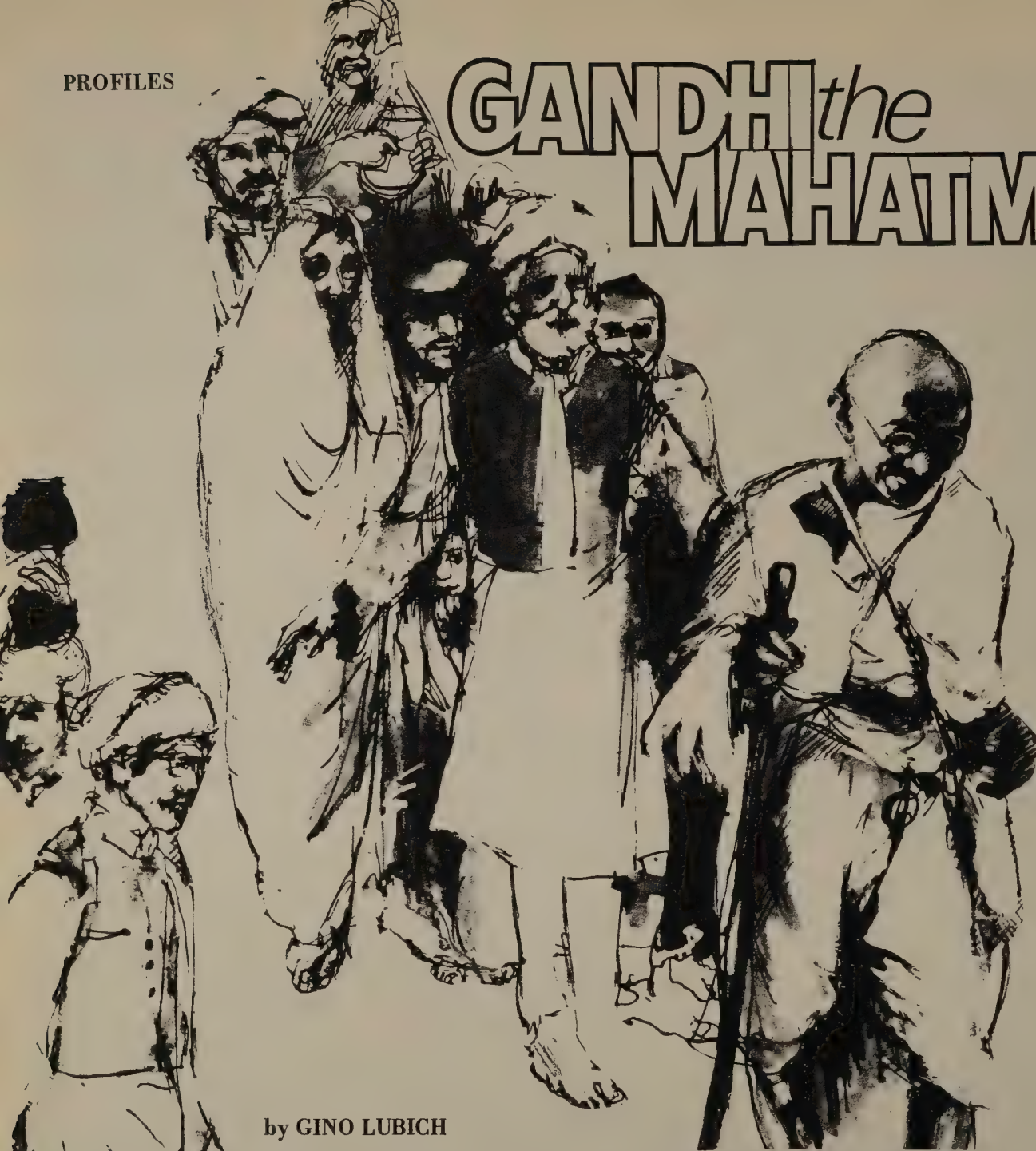
Suppose this had occurred. Earth would have had two phases of day-time: the big day — that of the big Sun; and the little day — that of the

little sun Jupiter, which would have provided light ten times brighter than our full moon. Our earth would have evolved without having a real night — a full darkness — except every three or four years when Jupiter and the Sun are on the same side. Jupiter takes about twelve years to rotate around the Sun. Also the temperature of the earth would have been affected. Certainly the weather fore-

casts would have been stormier and more unpredictable.

Perhaps the Earth would not have sustained the violent reactions. Perhaps it would be like Mars or Venus — a dead planet. There is a very delicate balance in cosmic conditions which results in the possibility of an “earthly phenomenon” and, as a consequence, the “human phenomenon.” □

GANDHI *the* MAHATMA



by GINO LUBICH

"Generations to come will scarce believe that such a one as this ever in flesh and blood walked upon this earth." (Einstein)

He was a simple man, a penniless Hindu, a have-not who didn't even own sufficient clothing to cover his frail body. Yet he exerted an influence that was greater and more far-reaching than the most powerful emperor could ever attain.

His power was the power of goodness and faith, just as we read in the old tales of heroes and saints. Nevertheless, he was a man who lived in our own time. In India he is called father of the country. But he

wanted the world as his family. Today many people throughout the world see Gandhi as the conscience of humanity and its moral genius; he has been called the prophet of the twentieth century and his credo of non-violence has been pointed to as a possible antidote to the violence of our times.

As a child, though, he held no special promise. He was rather mediocre, in fact. In those times, certain parts of India were governed

by princes, and Gandhi's father was an important minister of one of these principalities. In these comfortable circumstances Gandhi — or more precisely Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi — on October 2, 1869 was born on the western coast of India in Porbandar on the Bay of Oman.

School did not go well for him. "If he gets through his exams," his teachers used to say, "it'll be by sheer luck" and he just about passed by the skin of his teeth. When he was nineteen years old, his father, as was customary among higher class Indians in those times, sent him to a university in England. Gandhi entered law school in London and somehow managed to get his diploma in 1888. But he certainly was no great lawyer. The first time he was supposed to defend a client in court he panicked like a school boy and was unable to open his mouth. Even later, when he did open it, he was far from brilliant.

Under the circumstances he was very ready to leave England altogether. He jumped to accept the first offer of a job in South Africa, and once there, felt no desire to return to the life of London. He opened his own office, with "M.K. Gandhi, Attorney" painted on the glass door. Then, with arms crossed, he sat himself in an armchair in front of his office to await his first clients. During that time, he began to take stock of his new environment.

What he saw was an appalling picture, painful and disgusting at the same time. The white colonizers mistreated nonwhites — and by nonwhites were meant the native blacks as well as the Indians who had immigrated. He himself was soon to suffer the same kind of humiliating treatment. Nonwhites were not allowed to walk on the same sidewalk as the whites or take the same means of transportation. The racist law was full of prohibitions, and those who dared disobey were jeered, beaten and, more often than not, thrown into jail.

At this point Gandhi, the attorney, recognized another, more noble reason for staying on in South Africa. No longer was it to serve merely as a mask hiding his own professional mediocrity — rather it had become a burning desire to fight in order to improve the conditions of the black and Indians.



Gandhi and his wife, Kasturbai whom he married at the age of 13. In 1906, with her consent, he took the vow of celibacy for life. "From that day — he wrote — our freedom began."

To fight, but how? Ever since 1893 his way of conceiving it was something entirely new, something absolutely without precedent. None of the history books either in the classrooms or in the libraries contained a case or idea which Gandhi might have adopted or at least referred to. It was as though the intelligence of this up-to-that-point insignificant, little man had all of a sudden exploded in a flash of insight. The fact is that this stroke of genius came to his mind the very day that his long meditations had reached this precise concept: if we must battle and do harm to others in order to obtain something, the possession of this something has no value whatsoever. But if we do not fight, if we do no harm to others, how can we obtain that which we want to obtain from them?

Professing a faith which over-turned the political thought and action of all times, Gandhi affirmed to believe that there always exists a non-violent way of acting and of getting results.

When asked what to do if a law is unjust, how to fight against those who impose it on us; he would an-

swer that it is our duty to disobey it and to accept every punishment resulting from this disobedience with serenity, without resentment or hatred toward the person who punishes us.

It has been said that Gandhi drew these principles strictly from his own religious tradition. This is undoubtedly so. Nevertheless it is also true that while certainly inspired by Gandhi, Martin Luther King in his fight for the freedom of blacks in America, drew directly from Christianity in order to give a soul to his doctrine of non-violence.

The teachings of Gandhi were centered on, and always revolved around, four pivotal points: satya, ahimsa, satyagraha and sarvodaya. Satya means truth; ahimsa means refraining from harming any living being (non-violence); satyagraha literally means grasping or holding onto the truth and came to refer to Gandhi's technique of cheerful non-violent resistance;¹ and sarvodaya means achieving the welfare of all, and represents the ideal social order.

Satyagraha and ahimsa represent in Gandhi's ideal, the two most important things in life: the first (namely the insistence on the pursuit of truth) had practically led to civil disobedience but was integrated in and limited by the second, namely non-violence. Thus the meaning of satyagraha came to symbolize pressure for social and political reform through passive resistance.

This is the way he fought in South Africa for more than twenty years, trying to help the blacks and the Indians to receive a more humane treatment from their European masters. It was, in a way, a long preparatory period: the school for the perfection of his new concept of battle which was to reach its full expression in India. He returned there in 1915, after the outbreak of the first world war, when Great Britain was in fierce combat against Germany. It was a difficult moment for the English, so difficult, in fact, as to prompt them to promise all kinds of concessions to the Indians, in order to gain their help in the war effort. These promises implied, of course, more rights to the Indian, to be granted as soon as the war would be won.

If there ever was one consistent principle in Gandhi, it was not to question anybody's good intentions, to trust the other's given word. He therefore believed in Great Britain's sincerity and even went so far as to recruit soldiers for an Indian army to fight at the side of the British.

At the war's end, however, the English condescended to grant India a few minor reforms, no more than token gestures to the keeping of their promises, and even those few reforms were so insignificant that, were they to prove anything, it would be that London had not the slightest intention of giving India its independence.

Needless to say, such an attitude engendered deep resentment throughout the country, provoking outbreaks of rebellion and protest everywhere. The English police, under orders to put an end to the disorders, set about their task. As it can happen in police forces everywhere, however, they ended up seeing agitators even where there were none, and attacking even the most peaceful of demonstrations. As a result, the streets of many towns were strewn with wounded bodies and the jails filled with thousands of prisoners.

The most cruel episode happened at the Jallianwalla Garden in the town of Amritsar, when a crowd of people gathered to listen to the speeches of several nationalist leaders. They were simple citizens, unarmed and undefended. Suddenly a British general ordered his troops to surround the garden and open fire on the crowd. There was no escape: within ten minutes, at least four hundred people were dead and twelve hundred maimed or wounded.

The Amritsar massacre stirred the entire nation. It brought also the total disillusionment of Gandhi himself who had been steadfast in his attitude of conciliation in hope of gaining concessions peaceably. Now, his last hope crushed, he turned from waiting to action and became the political and moral leader of the whole movement for independence.

Together with other leaders, including Jawaharlal Nehru, he launched an appeal to the people of India to observe a whole program of non-cooperation. Thou-

sands of men and women responded by leaving their homes and families, young people left their schools and universities, lawyers their cases, employees their offices, farmers their fields and fishermen their boats, in order to follow Gandhi. This was in 1921, and it was the first move in the fight for independence, the first satyagraha organized on Indian soil. Mass civil disobedience had begun and Indians boycotted any product that was made in England. Many were thrown into jail again and again and it was an extremely harsh jail — but each time, no sooner did they get out than they were already back at their previous activities and with the same determination as before. The police forcibly broke up their meetings and processions, staged midnight searches and placed



1886. Gandhi (to the right) at 17, with his brother Laxmidas.

in jail over 30,000 people. But no one struck back for the words of Gandhi were alive in everybody's heart, that is, that obtaining freedom is not the only thing that matters; the way in which it is obtained is just as important, that they must certainly fight for it but their fight must be pure, honest and without violence, because violence always leads to greater violence.

The day eventually came, however, when people did strike back, and with vengeance. The scene took place in a village called Chauri Chaura where rioting broke out in response to the harsh treatment of the English police. The people got so angry that they not only manhandled the attackers but set fire to their barracks, as well.

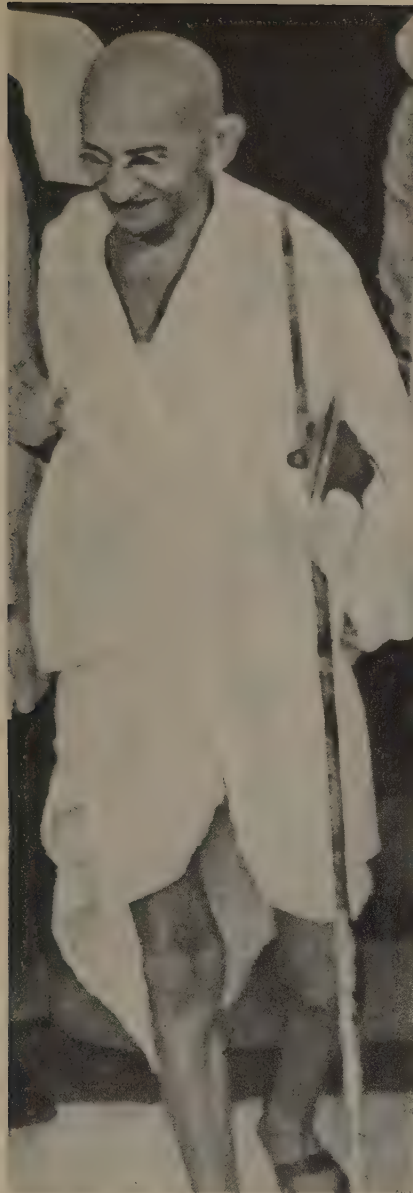
Gandhi was so dismayed by this, that it was reason enough for him to immediately order the satyagraha suspended. Although his determination to obtain self-rule was unwavering, he wanted this to be accomplished without harm to the English. He always proclaimed that freedom had to be won in such a way as to make better people of both the Indians and the English.

This was a form of battle which bordered on asceticism, and there were those who asked whether a person who did not believe in God could participate in the satyagraha. Gandhi's idea was that a follower of satyagraha has only one source of strength to sustain him: the God of love. Those who have other sources to draw from, those who rely on other means for help cannot offer the satyagraha. They might practice passive resistance, or non-cooperation, but not a true satyagraha.

Satyagraha, for Gandhi, did not only stand for the fight for freedom and independence, but also for an authentic social justice. "I want the concentration of wealth not in the hands of a few, but in the hands of all. Today machinery merely helps a few to ride on the back of millions. The impetus behind it all is not the philanthropy to save labor, but greed. It is against this constitution of things that I am fighting with all my might."²

After his first arrest and conviction, Gandhi was pardoned in 1924. Now his mission was to make the Indian people better understand their plight: in reality, it was not only the English who had rendered them slaves, but the responsibility also lay in themselves and their own weaknesses.

The "pariah" for example, were the disgrace of the nation. Millions of human beings enchained by their untouchable status, were not allowed to pray in the same temples as the other Hindus, could not send their children to the same schools, draw water from the same wells, or be touched by so much as the tip of a finger. Gandhi called the untouchables Harijans, "children of God." They were his most beloved people, and he began a period of fasting in order to convince the others to grant them some rights. He did not touch food until he was assured that these poor rejects would receive better treatment.



Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi was born on October 2, 1869. He studied law in England from 1888 to 1891, then returned to India and practiced law with little success. In 1893 he left for South Africa where he worked as a legal consultant. There he became aware of racial discrimination and his non-violent fight in defense of truth began, based on the conviction that he first had to live according to his principles before telling others to do likewise. All the rest of his life — alternating his sojourn in South Africa and India — he worked for the unity of mankind. He entered politics for the purpose of establishing the validity of nonviolence. "In politics also — he wrote — we have to establish the Kingdom of Heaven."

As he had often foreseen and written, Gandhi was assassinated by a Hindu fanatic. "Have I that nonviolence of the brave in me? My death alone will show that. If someone killed me and I died with prayer for the assassin on my lips, and God's remembrance and consciousness of His living presence in the sanctuary of my heart, then alone would I be said to have had the non-violence of the brave." Prayer speech, June 16, 1947

●I do not want
to force the future.
I am concerned
with taking care of the present.
God has given me
no control over the moment
following.●

(*Young India*, May 25, 1921)²

And then there were poverty and ignorance — these, too, were weaknesses of the Indian people. He loved the poor, the farmers, the laborers and not in words only. "I cannot conceive any higher way of worshipping God," he said, "than by doing for the poor, in His name, the work they themselves do."³ He taught the poor to have confidence in themselves and after first setting the example himself, he asked them to spin their own cotton and to manufacture their own clothing. Again and again he told them not to be ashamed to work with their hands, that it was the means by which they would achieve their human dignity. The spool, the spindle, the woven material thus became the weapons of his battle for Indian autonomy. Such an elementary teaching turned out to be of immense help to millions of village people and to millions of the poor.

Finally, religious strife was another terrible handicap of the Indian nation. Hindus and Moslems tore one another to pieces. He continually reiterated his belief that people must not be enemies because of their faith since there is only one God, whatever the name we might give him. Also for the cause of peace between the two hostile communities, Gandhi repeatedly submitted himself to long, exhausting fasts.

He was a perplexing, disconcerting man. More than once, his fasts brought him to death's door, yet, nobody loved joy more than he. He forgot everything when he had a chance to play with children, becoming like them. And with grown-ups, too, he liked to joke especially about himself. One of his closest friends used to call him "Mickey Mouse" because of his large flappy ears, and every time he was called by this nickname he laughed like a child.

In 1929 Gandhi resumed his political activity with an open demand for India's full independence. On January 26, 1930 the people of India solemnly committed themselves along with him and vowed to fight up to the final definitive conquest of freedom. It was the beginning of another satyagraha.

From that moment on, Gandhi declared that unjust laws were no longer to be respected, and more specifically, pointed to the taxation of salt which, in his view, was the most unjust of all the laws imposed by the English, because salt was vital to everyone and the tax affected the poor most of all. He therefore decided to lead a civil-disobedience campaign against the salt-tax laws. Always proper in his course of action, he notified the Viceroy and then, followed by seventy-eight persons, men and women alike, he set out from Ahmedbad on a march to the seashore of Dandi, which took twenty-four straight days. There he gave a practical demonstration of how salt could be obtained free from sea water so that even the most uneducated could understand right away how to procure salt without paying taxes. From that day forward, all along India's immense coastline, a great multitude of citizens followed his example.

By now the tide was irreversible. The march on Dandi had set in motion a wave of civil disobedience of such proportions that the English began to realize that some concessions would have to be made after all. Three round table conferences were organized in London. Gandhi attended the second of these, the only exponent of the Indian National Congress Party, the large political body engaged in the fight for independence. The concessions made were more formal than substantial: every Indian province was to have its own elected government, but the authority over important questions remained, as before, in the hands of the British.

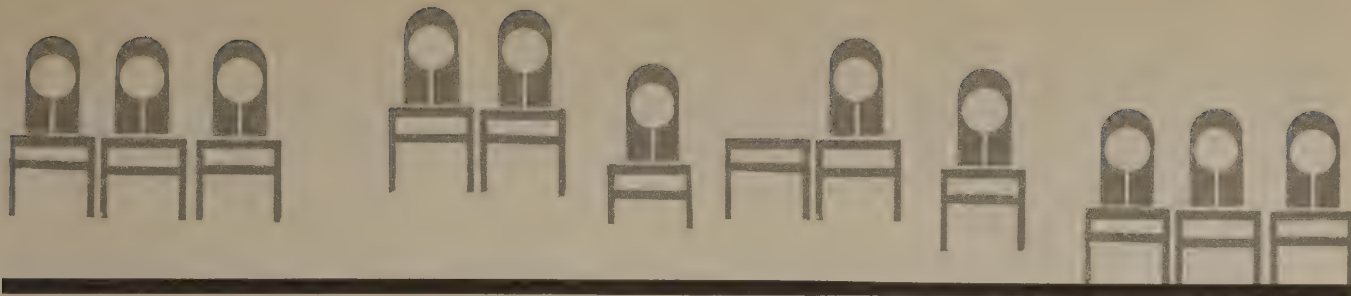
As the second world war broke out, Great Britain was once again caught up in a death-struggle against Germany. This time, without even consulting the Indian

(continued on page 28)

Images FOR words

"He has put his
angels in charge
of you, to guard
you in all your
ways."

Psalm 91/11



THESE RAMBUNCTIOUS KIDS

by Pace

Diary note Friday April 20:
“Interview with principal —
Thank God!”

I was hired to teach seven weeks of second grade, until the end of school. Later I learned that this class was notorious and had demolished three teachers before me. At the moment though, I did not care. I was broke, the pay was good, and I felt very self-confident, even though I am not a primary teacher. Besides, it was a small, private school just one block up the street from my house.

The principal seemed especially nervous on my first morning and he took great care introducing me to the class. As he left me alone with the wild ones his parting comment was, “Take charge.” I smiled at the students and suggested that we get to know each other by telling three things about ourselves, beginning with me, “I’ve been studying art history many years. I live a block down the street. And I ride a bicycle every day.” Then it was their turn. The first boy happily informed me, “Frank is my name and girls are my game.” We heard from four or five kids, when someone interrupted, “It’s time for music.” And we were off and running.

We never finished those introductions. And it took some time for me to know and understand my pupils. Approximately one third of them were retarded or emotionally disturbed, one third average, four accelerated, and four well-behaved students. They were extraordinarily loud, expressive and undisciplined, which I suppose was normal for TV-bred kids.

I knew from experience that kids learn best by songs, chants, mani-

pulative games, little projects. While I, on the contrary, like to think, write, read and talk, or else be very casual — none of which was appropriate and functional for this group. I didn’t know more than one or two songs and games. For my sake and the students’ sake as well, I decided to stick to the established format. They were to do tons of paper work while I conducted the morning reading groups. At least they were busy, and sometimes bored and frustrated. By the end of the week there were more than 300 papers to correct, which I did meticulously, because I am good at that. The best I could do was to capitalize on my strong points and try to minimize the weak points. Too bad the weaknesses were so important. To make up for the losses, besides correcting papers, I tutored students individually in my free periods, called parents regularly to get to know them as friends, and wrote perceptive detailed reports.

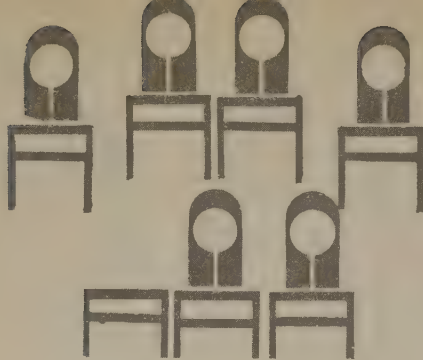
Now I can understand how much God helped me to live April’s word of life: “He had loved his own in this world and would show his love for them to the end” (Jn 13:1). The commentary said that like Jesus, we too, should love our brothers to the end, to the point that we too can say, “It is finished.”

About two or three weeks into the ordeal it seemed to me that I was trying and failing to live that word of life. So I talked with the principal, telling him that I was not doing such a good job with the class. Even though I was giving one hundred percent of my efforts, everything was growing

worse. “You can fire me if you want and hire someone else more qualified, but I’m not going to give up! He just laughed and said, “With that attitude, you’ve got the problem half-licked.” Then, I wondered how to “lick” the other half of the problem, and he suggested that I talk to the best teacher in the school who was next door to me. She was finishing her doctoral dissertation on theories of learning, and she was a gifted, stern teacher who intimidated me a little as she poured forth suggestions. (I learned later that she had a brown belt in karate and her discipline was uniquely effective.) Once, in distress, I went to her room, teacup in hand, to ask her advice. We sat and talked awhile, then she moved to sit on the table where I had laid the soggy teabag, and ruined her skirt. She was indeed helpful.

Other people also helped me more than they realized.

An old lady whom I met at Church, lived next door to the school. Her kitchen window overlooked the lunchroom. She found out that I was teaching there and she left a note in my box. When I saw the unfamiliar handwriting I dreaded that a parent would be saying something awful. Instead it was a “thinking of you” card, telling me that she wanted to bring over a batch of homemade peanut brittle! She brought it when I was standing in the midst of pandemonium, doing lunchroom duty after school. With a huge smile and a hug she gave me the candy. Kids crowded around and we indulged together. What a lift!



Wonderful, surprising things happened.

The children of my neighbors would sometimes help me correct papers for hours. And once a good friend showed up at the door saying, "I came for some coffee and to correct papers." Another, who is a second grade teacher, gave me a book of dittos along with a lot of practical suggestions. And the principal always seemed to show up at the right time, with the right kind of support. I was always amazed because it seemed that whenever he walked into the room to give me a message, the children were working quietly. On the other hand, I was embarrassed most of the time when we walked in the halls or took a quasi-organized bathroom break.

Pushing and wiggling the kids would line up at the door and the lines were more often like this:

"He hit me!"

"No, teacher, it wasn't Mark. I saw, it was Bob!"

"But it wasn't me!" (sulk, mumble)

"Now remember to be quiet and walk straight in the halls."

At times when we walked down the stairs, even the directress came out of her office with her gray head shaking uncontrollably. Sometimes she conducted walking drills for them. I would be simultaneously ashamed and relieved, returning to my room alone, rushing to write notes to parents.

The parents were life-savers. One morning before class I invited the grandmother of my biggest problem child to stay and "observe," and she soon took over the rest of the class while I taught reading. It was so worthwhile that I regularly invited a parent or relative to come help me. When they saw what it was like, they returned as often as possible. Their moral support was wonderful, and we also enjoyed ourselves while having a coffee break and cor-

recting papers. One mother and I shared our experiences of living the word of life in nitty gritty situations. She knew about the word of life because she had already met the Focolare through her older children.

The directress, however, was worried by having these parents in the midst of our pandemonium, but stopped short of forbidding the practice.

Her worries were well-founded. For instance, Tom was an enthusiastic retarded boy who often got into trouble and innocently started fights. His mother began writing me a series of notes, "I know my boy ain't no angel, but I don't want him being a punching bag!" And I would reply, "I've talked with all the boys involved, and they understand the seriousness of the situation and have promised not to do it again." These notes periodically passed back and forth between us. Once, she came to school to see for herself — really, to stand guard duty! I would have given anything if we could have had a good day, but it was just awful. The lady sat glowering at the front of the room. Little by little the ice melted, and the situation improved.

Everyday there was board work to copy and story suggestions to write. I kept urging students to attempt it, which they rarely did. Frank, for instance, "I don't want to tell you about what my family did over the weekend. You don't have to know that!" His mother was one of the several who came to help. She had the right touch, even though the class was embarrassingly wild. The last time she came, much to my total amazement, she revealed during our coffee break that this experience had convinced her to become a primary school teacher.

May's word of life was, "Seek first his kingship over you, his way of holiness, and all these things will be given to you besides" (Mt. 6:33). The commentary cautioned against being overly concerned about ourselves, for we could fall victim to the things of the world. The crux is whether we live for God or for ourself . . . Jesus wants to take away our anxieties and restlessness. Wow! Those words were like a cold shower to me every time I remembered. I was restless, anxious and pre-occu-

pied with my situation. But remembering the word of life made all the difference. I could believe and try again, strengthened by the conviction that Jesus wanted to take away my anxieties and restlessness.

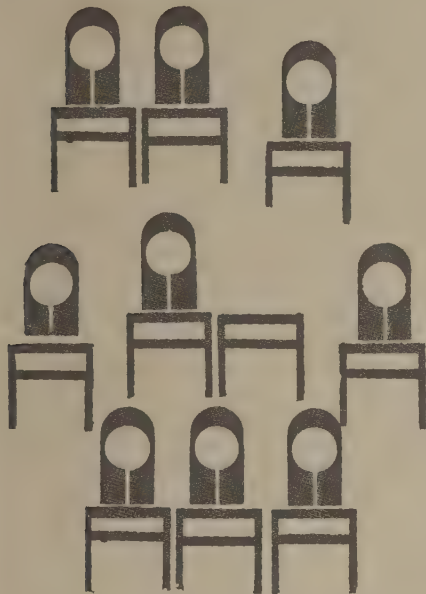
I was experiencing a continuous interchange of all kinds of unfamiliar problems and solutions. A heavy one was the usual lunchroom duty after school, which meant stopping fights and keeping rambunctious kids in their seats while they were waiting for the school buses. The deafening noise felt like the final knockout punch after a whole day of being "in the ring." Then, I would walk home carrying the enormous shopping bag full of papers to correct and books to use for more preparations. My eardrums were shattered, and my soul felt beaten up. I would drink a glass of water, close my bedroom door, turn off the phone, and unable to form any thought or whisper a prayer, I would look at the crucifix and identify with him, then fall asleep for a few hours until I had healed enough to have supper. Then, I would sit on the floor surrounded by papers, until the end of my strength, somewhere around midnight. Invariably, though, by the next morning I felt determined again to begin anew. This all came about as a result of unity, from sharing everything with my friends, from our mutual efforts to live the word of life, from everyone praying a lot, from loving Jesus Forsaken¹ in these children and situations.

For instance, the little boys loved to throw things, any time, any place. In the lunchroom it was wadded-up napkins. They tried to shoot a basket from the tables to the trash can. I was outraged one day when I saw them throwing, and the Mexican janitor (who couldn't speak English) picking up the napkins after them. When we returned to class, those boys had a writing lesson — including as much Spanish in the apology letters as they could. They did not do it again (or else it was rare) and the janitor liked the letters.

Jesus took away many of my anxieties through the special education teacher who came twice a day to take a small group for tutoring. She knew what a hard time I was having and began showing up during my free periods to talk, and during her free periods to take some of my regular students to help them. The children

tried to be extra good to merit that privilege, and I felt the crushing load was being lifted. This teacher and I have since become good friends, and I really sense that God is with us.

It was worth a lot getting to know some of these students, because they are so interesting, but even more, I loved God in them and lived the word of life, thanks to them.



Timmy, the best and the youngest student, once scraped his knuckles during recess and sat down beside me to cry disconsolately. He cried on and on while I patted him and tried to get him to stop. Then I sensed that he was just too tired and hot and would not or could not stop. So we went to the water fountain and washed the scrapes. Still, he tearfully explained that he needed band-aids. I didn't agree, but I sensed that psychologically, he really did need them. It worked, and he was restored.

I often kept students in class during my free period, and got to know them personally, by just talking or having them help me put up a new bulletin board, or tutoring them in their weak points. For the best boy in the class there was a solemn, quiet, refreshing time to clean the fish bowl together. When Mary needed help doing fractions after school, we stopped for an impromptu bubble-blowing contest, which I won. For Christina who had many handicaps and was in turmoil over her parents' divorce, there were many sessions when we worked together. This seemed to help her overcome her difficulties. And then, in class, some-

times I could keep her calm and attentive by holding her hands. I discovered many beautiful things about her and wrote them into her report card, which was the longest of all. She was such a problem child, yet was also one of the greatest treasures I found.

Peter was an abused child, and he was saved in excruciating times by his loving grandparents. Most of the day he was making all kinds of trouble. The worst thing was mocking and beating up a weaker boy. I would often turn around and find Brian crying in pain doubled up on the floor, and I felt all the hurt and humiliation Brian felt, Peter's degradation, and my own outrage and helplessness. There was only time to love, never a second to think or to cry the tears welling up inside. I turned to the children around Brian and asked, "Help him up and be very kind and comfort him . . . Peter, take my hand and walk with me." As soon as we were back in class working, the boy in front of Brian pushed his chair back violently as Brian was leaning over looking into his desk, and he got a terrific bump on his forehead, and started crying loudly. Again, I felt crushed by all his pain, but had to go ahead and lead the class. I said, "Brian is having an especially hard day, won't you help him?" So the explosive nervous girl on his left rubbed his forehead, and the "little mother" on his right ran to get a wet paper towel. I said, "Thank you," and we went on.

About a month later, one of the last days of school, at recess, I was closely watching a bunch of kids who were running with a rope tied around themselves. Something happened to Brian and he wailed and cried crocodile tears. Peter was next to me and we spontaneously glanced at each other with a quick knowing smile. This time he had nothing to do with it, and Brian was just being melodramatic.

The last fifteen minutes of school, Peter trotted beside me as I led the straggly bunch back from spending the afternoon in the neighborhood park. It was over ninety degrees, and no one else was keeping up the fast pace. We didn't speak, but I felt honored.

Mark infuriated me. He could have been an average student, but he quietly sat by himself, tore

papers into little pieces and blew them into the air. Or, he set up his book on his desk and blew little puffs of breath until it crashed down. Or, he took matches we used to light the candles when we had birthday parties and started striking them at his desk littered with paper. Mostly, he creatively discovered every possible means to avoid work—including running away. When I sent his papers home with him to show his parents (who were so worried and helped him with homework nightly), I later found them wadded at the back of his desk, or in the trash can. I had to mail them in that revealing condition, or call his home.

I wrote the same notes to myself, week after week: "Make lesson plans and do dittos . . . Send Mark's papers home. Call his mother."

June's word of life was, "By patient endurance you will save your lives." This saved me with Jimmy, Christine, Patty, Peter and Mark, and with everyone and everything. The commentary said, "Pull yourself together and go ahead with patient endurance — otherwise you can't call yourself a Christian . . . Take up your cross daily and love the suffering at least with your will. St. Paul referred to his own endurance as a miracle. If we persevere, we can follow Christ to heaven . . . Ask God for patient endurance if you need it, because he is the source. Those who love have it . . . and Mary is the prototype." In my crises, in the crushing pressures of needing to save a situation and not really knowing exactly how, I would remember patient endurance and ask in that fraction of a second for Jesus and Mary to show me the way. Sometimes though I would blow up, and then too the word of life was the way to pull myself together, in front of God, and in the midst of shambles to go forward. Maybe I would apologize later in private, and I would not remain torn apart, depressed and angry. As time went on and I was more worn down, I felt that the word of life was my firm ground, the brace for my sagging body, an inexhaustible source of life. Christ propelled me forward.

1) Refers to the suffering of Jesus on the cross when he cried out: "My God, My God, why have you forsaken me?" (Mark 15:34).

The very young and the Gospel

The other evening my parents had some guests over and they brought their seven year old daughter. I thought it would be a good chance to love my parents by playing with the little girl and my sisters and to help them to be quiet. After a while I left because I had something else to do, but not for long, because I heard a loud crash and laughing, and screaming. I ran to the room and asked what the problem was and tried to remind them that our parents were talking downstairs, but the little girl answered, "We want to make noise, it's fun." And together with my sisters they all ran downstairs, screaming and laughing even louder. When I finally caught up with them, I wanted to really quiet them down. The problem didn't change and everything I said only worsened the matter.

I was just about to give up and go back upstairs when I realized that I wasn't loving Jesus in my neighbor. Then I had an idea: instead of trying to drag them upstairs, I could prepare a little snack in the kitchen for them. I did just that. My little sister joined me but the little girl didn't want to. We went ahead anyway and a little while later the little girl peeked her head around the corner and came in. It was because we tried to really love Jesus in her and now she is so happy she wants to come back again!

Renee, age 15

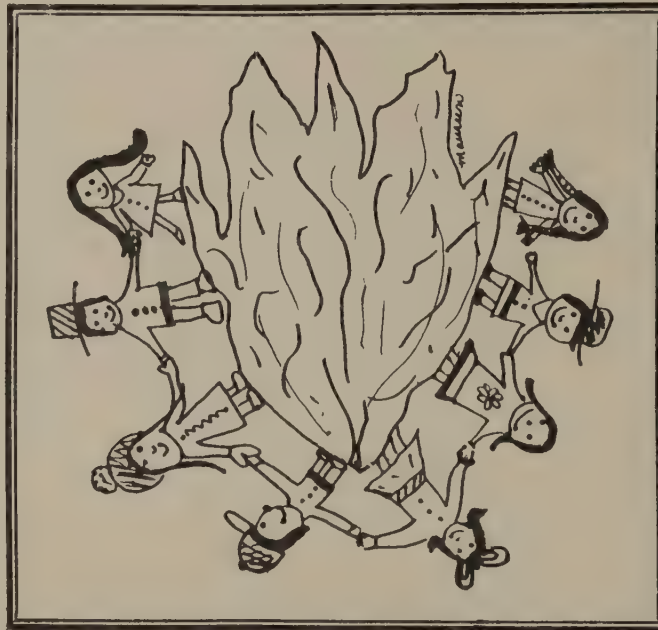
My mother said to me to wash the sink and I said no. Then I said, "Mommy, I want to help" because I wanted to love Jesus in my mother.

Linda, age 4

my sister and I had to look after the younger ones. I was watching the one year old and my sister the two year old. All of a sudden the two year old started crying and wouldn't stop. I went in

said okay because I wanted to love. The next day I went to a birthday party and they gave me some crayons and clay and bubbles. I was happy.

Colleen, age 5



Our girl scout troop went on a trip to a ballet. Everybody was able to sit in the first row. But one girl who nobody liked had to sit in the second row. So she asked me to trade places with her. So I did. Then it was the hundred-fold for me because at intermission I was able to get a front seat because there were two extra seats.

Noel, age 10

One day I had to watch some kids. The ages were ten, eight, five, two, one. The three older ones played by themselves, but

to ask my mother what to do but she said I had to figure it out myself. I went back out and I felt like forgetting him but I knew there was Jesus in him and I had to love him. I did everything I could and finally he stopped crying. I was happy because I knew I had loved Jesus in him.

Maureen, age 11

One day I went to the store with my mother and she bought me a coloring book. I wanted some crayons too but my mother said no. So I really wanted them but I

One day last week my sisters and I were downstairs playing games, when I remembered that we hadn't made our beds that morning. I went upstairs to see if I was right. When I got there our room was messy, so I began to call my sisters. No one answered and I began to get upset. I was going to shout to them to come but then I remembered the word of life which was, "By patient endurance you will save your lives." I wanted to live it right away instead of yelling at them so I began to put the room in order by myself.

Later on they came upstairs and asked me if I had been calling them. I wanted to scold them but I remembered that I wanted to be patient with them.

That evening I had a chance to show them the word of life leaflet but they didn't understand when they read it by themselves. So I sat down with them and we read it together. Then they asked: "Is this why you've been so nice to us?" What made me happy was that they understood the word of life.

Susan, age 15

MUSIC

A conversation with LESLIE PARNAS

Once as I was sitting in a concert hall listening to Beethoven's violin concerto, my companion sitting next to me said something I never forgot, even though this was many years ago.

She was a young girl just out of school, who hadn't had much opportunity to listen to classical music before, and it was a great joy for me to take her to a concert or an opera and watch her warm, enthusiastic response to it. And what she said on that particular night was this, "Oh, how I would love being right up there in the orchestra, being part of all this beautiful music!" A simple enough statement, to be sure, but to me it was like a dart hitting dead center; to me it was a much needed lesson in humility. For, deep down in my heart I, too, entertained secret visions of being "up there" on stage; only I wouldn't see myself sitting somewhere in the orchestra — I wanted to be way up front, the center of attention; holding the violin, perhaps sitting at the piano, or singing — with the orchestra in the background. . . . So, at hearing my young friend's simple and innocent wish I suddenly felt ashamed of myself.

Since then I often thought about this experience, and it always helped me understand a little better what it means to share, what it is to make oneself one with the others.

And now, not long ago, it was brought back to me quite vividly, when I met someone, a great musician and a great human being, who showed the same humility, the same pure joy of "being part of beautiful music." He is Leslie Parnas, a cellist with a worldwide reputation, a musician's musician who, in the words of the great Pablo Casals is "one of the most outstanding cellists of our time."

Early in his career, he won many important prizes and awards

both in the United States and abroad, including the prestigious Prix Pablo Casals in Paris, and the even more prestigious Tchaikovsky Competition in Moscow. The latter was the beginning of a very warm relationship with the Russian people whom Mr. Parnas has been back to visit five times in the last ten years. A sixth tour is due sometime early in 1980. Mr. Parnas believes in "reaching the people." He feels deeply that "music can express a profound feeling of freedom..." and that "When I play music, it is not only an example of emotional freedom but it is also a message for peace and for the right of each individual to express himself."

Mr. Parnas has played all the famous cello concertos with many of the great orchestras in the world. But he is also a member of the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center in New York, one of the finest chamber music ensembles anywhere in the world; it is an ensemble, in fact, that is made up of virtuoso solo artists, each with a major career of his own.

"How does it feel for a solo artist to be part of a group?" we asked him during a recent interview, isn't it a little frustrating having to share the limelight with three, four or more people? Don't you have the feeling you are giving up something?"

"No, not at all," Mr. Parnas assured me in a most vivacious tone, "I don't feel I'm giving up anything by playing with the group. There are so many factors, you see, that are definitely positive. At the rehearsals, for instance, when we are preparing something, I have plenty of opportunity to make suggestions, give my ideas of how a piece can be played. In chamber music as well as in solo the voice of each of us is equally important. It is important even in plain accompaniment — it could add color, it could add texture, it could add rhythm — all of the ingredients that go into musical creativity. So there is really nothing lost."

"You know, when I was first approached by Charles Wadsworth, the artistic director of the

Chamber Music Society as it was still in the planning stage, he told me, 'I have something that's going to change your life.' This was in Marlboro, Vermont, where I was attending the Casals Summer Festival, just a little more than ten years ago — last year was our big tenth anniversary celebration — and as I heard these words I said, 'Well, then we'd better sit down by this rock and discuss it.' And he began to tell me about his plans to establish a resident group of artists for the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, although at that time it didn't have any name yet. I was very excited at the idea of playing the great masterpieces of chamber music literature with virtuosos, with people who love chamber music but also have solo careers. I knew, then and there, in the woods and hills of Vermont, that something great was indeed happening to me. And it certainly did change my life. Being part of the Chamber Music Society made me a more complete artist. Of course, when I play with an orchestra I have more freedom, because the orchestra follows me. But I don't mind the discipline — it's good for me — as a musician and as a person.

"I always feel very strongly about people who tell me they feel unhappy because they play in an orchestra, sitting somewhere in the back . . . because I feel their part is important. It should give them a sense of integrity, a sense of pride for being part of the whole . . . I think it's the same with humanity. If we all felt we are part of society and could contribute something. . . if we were looking at it this way it would make for a better world — and that's true for chamber music as well . . . it's a philosophy of life."

"A philosophy of life" . . . It sounds so simple, so easy . . . and so typical of the generous of heart who alone can forget the hard road of self-denial they, too, must have trodden before coming so far . . . before being big enough to say I'm happy to be part of it all. Part of humanity, part of beautiful music . . .

Vera Giannini

ART

Creative people share certain activities and ways of thinking. Though there are certain steps in the creative process, there is no such thing as a formula for creativity. Yet, repeatedly, great artists, scientists and thinkers have challenged long-standing assumptions, seen in new ways (Einstein valued childlike curiosity as the mark of a creative person.), made connections, recognized patterns and constructed networks, taken risks and taken advantage of chance. (Chance, however, favors only those who are prepared.)

All of these characteristics can function and bring forth creative results when the person looks within himself, not caring about approval or reward. (An understanding of this fact could cure the consuming compulsion for originality afflicting so many modern artists.) The contemporary American thinker-inventor-designer, Buckminster Fuller, asserted that the great secret for increasing creativity is reducing or putting an idea into practice. It's quite simple — just DO it.

For art, the final step in the creative process is to be taken by the viewer-participant. When we participate in good art — which takes much more than a quick look — we are stimulated, our perceptions are widened, and we may gain a shift of scenery for our ongoing inner life.

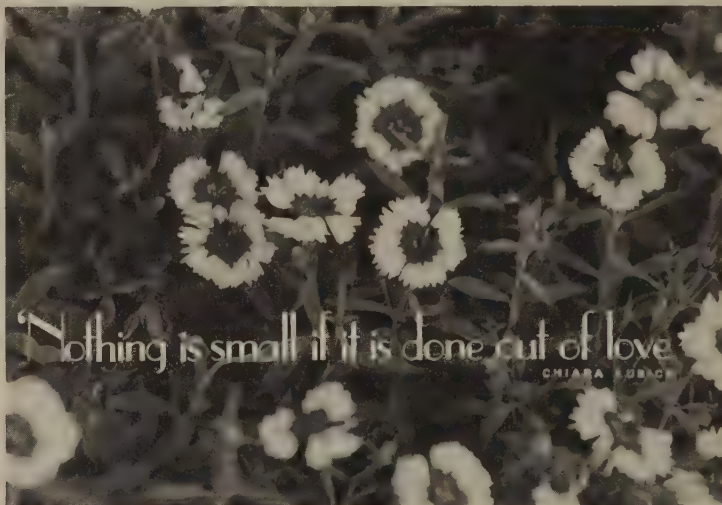
Much of Picasso's art illustrates this. Perhaps his chief motivation was to make a wholly new life within the canvas or with his sculpture (including even his later drawing in mid-air with a flashlight). A familiar example of this is his finding the remnants of an old bicycle and hanging the handlebars and seat on the wall. He titled this sculpture, "Bull's Head" (1943), and later he had it bronzed.

That provocative name, Picasso, leads us into many questions about modern art — perhaps first of all, why does it look so strange? This will be the subject of the next few articles.

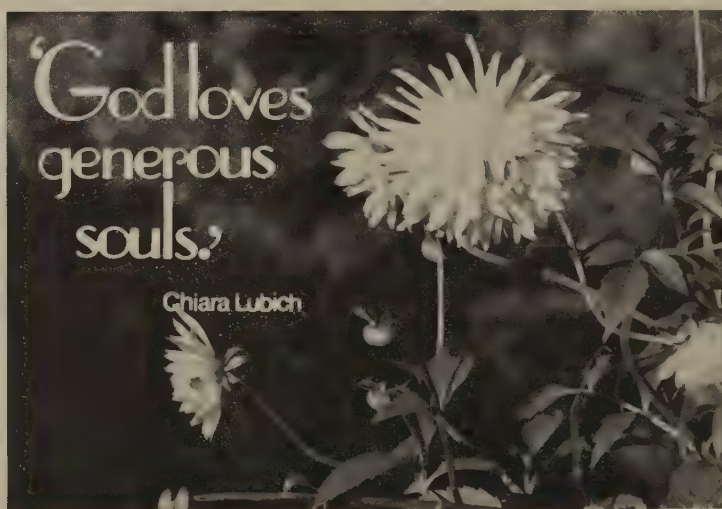
Carolyn Johnson

Focolare posters

Two new black and white posters (23¾" x 19½") are now available at all the focolare centers, or can be ordered by mail from: Focolare Movement, P. O. Box 496, New York, N.Y. 10021.



FMPbw-



FMPbw-

Price: \$1.50 each.

If ordered by mail please add handling and shipping charges and specify if you wish to receive them first or third class.

Shipping and handling charges.

FIRST CLASS:

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1 poster 1.40, 2 posters 1.55, 3 posters 1.70, 4 posters 1.80. For more than 4 posters, postal rates depend on weight and zone.

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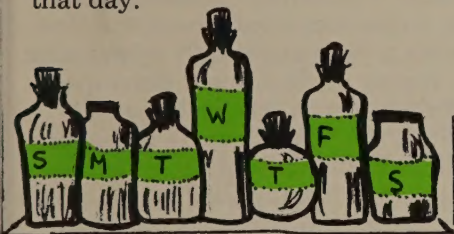
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LC tips

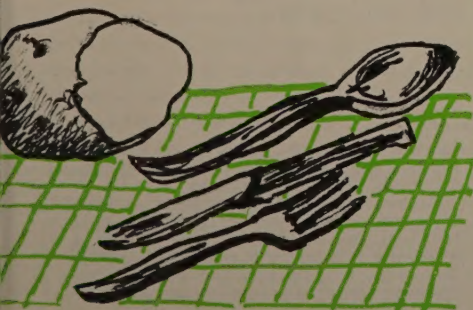
Did I take my pills today?

At one time or another we all have pills to take: one, two, three or more a day. Also for a person with the best memory, it can become confusing, "Did I take my pills today?" "How many did I take?" A simple and helpful suggestion: take seven little medicine containers, clean them, label them and mark them: Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, etc. Prepare the pills you are supposed to take for a week and put a daily dose in each container. So when doubts will be raised in your mind, just check the little container of the day and you will immediately know how many you still have to take before the end of that day.



Silver cleaning for a few pennies.

How much could a potato be worth? Not more than a few pennies! Yet one potato is enough to clean your silver and shine it to the best. Peel a potato, wash it and dry it, and cut it in half. Rub it over the surface of your silver object. As the black comes off on the potato, keep slicing a little piece so that it remains clean. For surfaces with elaborate patterns, silverware or small objects, grate the potato, hold some in your hand and rub it on the object. At the end rinse with warm water and polish with a soft cloth.



LC cuisine

CREATIVE MEATLOAF

1½ lbs. ground beef
4 ozs. minced ham
1 minced Italian sausage link
½ cup chopped celery
1 tbs. minced parsley
2 eggs
½ tsp. salt
¼ tsp. pepper
1 tbs. grated parmesan cheese
1/3 cup bread crumbs
2 medium peeled carrots
2 shelled hard-boiled eggs
2 potatoes, 2 onions
tomato sauce and pickles

In a large bowl, mix beef, ham and sausage. Add 2 raw eggs, salt, pep-

per and parmesan cheese. Mix well and if necessary add bread crumbs to give consistency to the mixture.

Lay a clean white, damp kitchen towel on the table. Place half the meat mixture on the towel and shape into a long rectangle. Place the carrots end to end and press into meat. Do the same with the hard-boiled eggs, placing them alongside the carrots. Cover with remaining meat mixture, shaping like a fat "salami." Wrap in the towel, tie and sew with a few large stitches so that it will hold firmly.

In a large pot put the remaining vegetables, peeled and cut into chunks, 2 quarts of water and bring to boil. Immerse the meatloaf in the water and simmer for about three hours. Drain and allow to cool before removing towel. Slice the meat, place it on a serving dish, pour tomato sauce over it, and decorate with pickles.

LC humor

MODERN ART



Hmm....
I WONDER WHY
THEY HUNG THEIR
BULLETIN BOARD
SO HIGH....



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"When unity with our brethren becomes difficult, let us not break, but bend, until love works the miracle of one heart and one mind."

The above thought is one of the 64 meditations in FM 2. FM 1 contains 44 meditations of the same kind. They are among the early writings of Chiara Lubich, taken from publications now out of print.

fm3 GOD IS LOVE \$5.00

In this world, thirsty for real love, the words of Chiara Lubich addressed to young people, are like a clear torrent of water, refreshing people of all ages. Sold out time and again since its first appearance, this cassette is now again available.

fm4 THE WORD OF GOD \$4.50

What is the word of God? What must our attitude toward it be? When should it be lived? What are the effects of the word of God? In FM 4 Chiara Lubich shares the experience of the Focolare Movement.

Shipping and handling charges for USA and Canada: 1 cassette: \$0.85 — 2 cassettes: \$1.25 — 3 cassettes: \$1.60 — 4 cassettes: \$2.00.

GANDHI THE MAHATMA

(continued from page 19)

leaders, Britain declared that India, too, was at war against the Nazi-Fascist dictatorships. As answer, the provincial governments all resigned in mass. Having been disillusioned by the experience of the first world war, Gandhi now stood firm in his demands for independence, without, however, entering into collusion with the Axis powers, as did Chandra Bose along with other advocates of extremist nationalism.

In 1942 the Congress Party formally requested the British Government to go. "Quit India!" was the slogan heard all over the country. Once again Gandhi was arrested, and held in prison for two years, until 1944, together with Nehru and many other Indian leaders. The outcry of the people in reaction to this, brought down the wrath of the English. Under the repression, blood flowed once more, and thousands of citizens were thrown into prison without due process.

But when the war against Hitler was over, the English were realistic enough to understand that they could not keep their dominion over India much longer. The Viceroy summoned the leaders both of the Congress Party and of the Moslem League and asked them to form a national Indian Government. It was formed by Nehru, to whom Gandhi had left the leadership of the Congress Party since 1942, but the new government was in trouble from the start. The Islamic leader, Jinnah, asked that certain zones be separated from India in order to form the Moslem state of Pakistan.

His requests provoked a furious outbreak of hatred in Bihar, in Punjab, and in the Bengal region. Gandhi went immediately into the eye of the storm, to West Bengal, where the majority were Moslem.

Refusing any kind of protection or escort, he walked from village to village, praying to God that the hearts of the Hindus, as well as of the Moslems, be purified. Lord Mountbatten the Viceroy, referring to the effectiveness of this pilgrimage commented that although the English had 55,000 soldiers ready for action in Punjab, and only one man in Bengal, there the disorders had ceased. The trouble in Punjab and elsewhere went on for several

months. Finally England decided to abandon India altogether and on August 14, 1947, in the name of the Crown, the last English Viceroy handed over India to the Indians. The country left behind, however, was not the united India dreamed of by Gandhi. It was actually made up of two different countries, and finally the leaders reached an agreement to create a new state, Pakistan. This proved to be only a partial solution to the religious conflict because the hostilities between the Hindus and Moslems continued in many other regions.

The very moment when England was celebrating India's Day of Independence, new frightful riots flared up in various parts of the country, and Gandhi absented himself from the capital and from the ceremonies. He was once more among the poor victims, to give comfort, to pray and fast in order to make amends for the sins of both the Hindus and the Moslems. "But how can it be" — many Hindus asked themselves — "that Gandhi is just as concerned about the Moslems as he is about us?" — and soon a feeling of resentment developed, for some even turning to hatred. When the religious strife spread as far as Delhi, Gandhi entered a new period of fast for purification which ended only when peace had been restored to that city.

On the evening of January 30, 1948, as Gandhi was about to say his prayers, a Hindu fanatic fired three pistol shots at him. Gandhi muttered God's name ("Ram. . . Ram. . .") two times, then joined his hands and collapsed to the ground.

"The light has gone out of our lives," lamented Prime Minister Nehru, "and there is darkness everywhere. . . . Our beloved leader . . . is no more. The light that shone in this country was no ordinary light. It will illuminate this country for many more years and a thousand years later that light will still be seen."⁴ □

1) Encyclopaedia Britannica, 15., s.v. "Gandhi."

2) Mahatma Gandhi, All Men Are Brothers, ed. Krishna Kripalani, (New York: UNESCO and Columbia University Press, 1972), 115.

3) Mahatma Gandhi, A Day Book of Thoughts from Mahatma Gandhi, ed. K.T.N. Char, (Calcutta: Macmillan & Co. Ltd., 1951), 4.

4) Homer Jack ed., The Gandhi Reader: A Source Book of His Life and Writings, (Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1956), 488.

What is the Focolare Movement?

THE BEGINNINGS

The Focolare Movement began in 1943, in Italy. Chiara Lubich, with a small group of girls, realized in the midst of the total destruction of World War II, that God is the only one worth living for. Hence they began to place the Gospel in the center of their lives. The testament of Jesus became their Ideal: "That all may be one...that the world may know that you have sent me, and that you have loved them as you have loved me..." (Jn. 17,23). The life lived by these first girls, the spiritual way they spontaneously followed, gave rise to a form of spirituality proper to the Focolare Movement. It represents a powerful means of introducing the Gospel into modern life.

WHO ARE THE FOCOLARINI

The name "Focolarini" takes its origin from the Italian word "fire" and suggests the idea of "carriers of fire."

Single men and women live in separate communities called Focolare Centers. Their principal aim is to achieve unity among themselves through mutual charity practiced twenty-four hours a day. They follow the evangelical counsels of poverty, chastity, and obedience. They work as other lay men and women in regular jobs and professions.

Some married persons, even though continuing to live in their families, participate fully in the life of either the men's or women's Focolare Centers in their common effort to achieve this same unity. They are called "Married Focolarini."

THE VOLUNTEERS

The Volunteers, who are also called the "Volunteers of God," would like to transform all human realities according to the Gospel spirit. For this reason they remain in their jobs and in their professions in order to vivify them with this spirit.

Their aim is to help form a society made of men and women who are made "new" by the Gospel message and who can then bring new life to all fields of human activity (education, business, etc.). This results in new social relationships which, in turn, lead to the realization of new structures of society.

THE LARGEST MEMBERSHIP

The largest membership of the Movement is made up of men, women, and young people of all social conditions who are free of any formal ties with it. Their bond of unity stems from their free and willing acceptance of its spirit. They keep in touch with the Movement and with one another through large or small gatherings, publications, correspondence, and personal contact.

People with other commitments, even those bound to religious institutions, can form part of the Movement too because the Movement exists wherever its spirit is lived. People of non-Christian religions are also counted among the Movement's friends. Also those who owe no allegiance to any faith are often attracted by one or another of the Movement's aspects.

GEN

The new generations of the Focolare Movement form another Movement or, better, three movements: the Gen 2, the Gen 3 and the Gen 4 Movements, divided according to their various age groups. "Gen" stands for new generation.

Thousands of young people all over the world have been attracted by the spirituality of unity. Their number continues to grow.

At the core of this large group of youth, are Gen who have committed themselves to living the Gospel message of love. The Gen use all possible means to share with other youth the conviction they have that the Gospel is the answer to every question and the motive for everything they do.

K-P spirituality

chiara lubich

when did we see you, lord?

The extraordinary dignity of every person, each individual's capacity for the infinite, and the need to discover God in our fellow human beings are some of the recurring themes here. The question, "Who is my neighbor?" is answered in the light of the Old and New Testaments, and in terms of our relationship with other Christians, with members of other religions, and with non-believers. Reflecting on the more than thirty-five years of experience of the Focolare Movement, the author describes how, by loving others, people can move from lives that are meaningless and empty to lives that are full and, in a real sense, divine.

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